Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The "Evening Post" is sometimes remarkably candid. It says, *à propos* of the recent elections and Tammany's victory, that there is such a thing as being too logical in politics, and that "logic and ethics and razor-like arguments" are dangerous things. What is wanted is good, honest stupidity. What has made the English so strong is stupidity and illogicality, and what is making government in France more and more difficult is the determination of the French to be severely logical. It is consoling to know that even governmentalists realize that the safety of the State lies in "honest stupidity." It is rather imprudent for them to admit it, instead of boasting of superior intelligence and virtue, especially when there are wicked people at hand to turn it to advantage.

Once more the superiority of the English press to the American is strikingly exemplified. Had the Lanchester case occurred here, what position would the press have taken? The New York "Recorder" says with perfect truth that, while in England the "general sentiment is one of irritation" and indignation at the outrage to which Miss Lanchester was subjected by tyrannical parents and a fossil-specialist, in the United States only the few who share her views would have been aroused, while the majority would have looked upon the incarceration with complete indifference, if not with approval. It is also worthy of remark that, whereas in England the law does not interfere with people of age who choose to disregard marriage, in the United States they could be arrested and punished as criminals.

Grant Allen's new novel, "The British Barbarians," is out, and Miss Gilder, the editor of "The Critic," reviews it in the New York "World." The story is intended as a protest against the barbarous notion that a husband may kill a "faithless" wife or a "guilty paramour," and a plea for self-ownership and independence for woman. I have not read the novel, and hence do not know whether it is a work of art or a dull sermon. Miss Gilder does not like it, as might have been anticipated. She thinks it immoral, and charges Mr. Allen with having written it for the sake of dollars and cents. What, however, is nauseating in her review is the concluding sentence. "I feel," she says, "that the time that I have spent over it has been worse than thrown away." How about the check Miss Gilder has received for her review? She reviews books regularly for the Sunday "World," and the pretence that she reads because she is really interested in the books is too hollow. She writes for dollars and cents, and her time is not wasted from her own point of view.

At last even the ordinary critics are "finding Nordau out." An American publisher has brought out a "job lot" of novels and plays written by the charlatan prior to the appearance of his pious "Degeneration," but the amazed critics find them replete with the dreadful things which he so denounced with so righteous wrath in other authors. These alleged novels and plays are characterized as erotic, egotistic, realistic, and so on. Moreover, they are inartistic and badly written. Nordau is said to have caught a very bad case of degeneracy himself, but this is clearly inaccurate, since these works antedate his sensational crusade in behalf of morality. No, the explanation is simple. Nordau started out as a degenerate, and failed to attract attention. Then he bethought himself that the reactionists and respectables were in pressing need of a champion, and made a bid for their favor. He succeeded for a while, owing chiefly to the ignorance of the critics. But now he is unmasked and repudiated by all. The enterprising publishers are entitled to our thanks. But for them the critics would still be bowing to Nordau as a prophet and saviour.

What sort of "progress" and "reform" the "Twentieth Century" stands for may be inferred from the fact that it is highly indignant with Miss Edith Lanchester's attitude towards marriage, and delivers itself of the following exalted sentiments on the subject: "In our opinion the woman is more of a fool than a lunatic. The cause of social reform and Socialism is much injured because of a few people of loose morals and worse principles, and generally known as free lovers, who hang on the outskirts, and, despite their unclean lives and minds, have the cheek to call themselves reformers. It is the old story of the devil in the garb of a saint. What would happen if others were to follow the example of this poor, deluded woman? Families as such would become non-existent, relations which now are the tenderest in the world be broken, and woman, after the first flush of youth, become as a cast-off garment. No, the marriage relation is something which should be sacredly guarded by society, and the woman who seeks to discard it proclaims herself as simply a fool." The time for criticism of the wretched "Twentieth Century" is past, and no one will pay any attention to these lucubrations. But, surely, if a few men of intelligence are still left on the fakir's subscription list, their patience must be exhausted now.

"All England" is excited over the "Lanchester case," the facts of which are these: Edith Lanchester, a young woman of education and social position, imbued with Socialistic ideas, fell in love with a Socialist named Sullivan and decided to live with him outside of the marriage relation. The parents, shocked and alarmed at the "disgrace" to the family, had their daughter examined by a celebrated alienist, and procured from him a certificate of insanity, on the strength of which the young girl was confined to a lunatic asylum. She did not remain there long. Her lover, with the aid of John Burns and other prominent men, secured her release. The commissioners in lunacy found her sane, and rebuked the alienist for his countenance of the outrage. The "evidence" of insanity consisted in her determination to live with a man in a station of life much below her own; in her declaration that marriage is chattel slavery; in her saying that she did not fear desertion or any other consequences, since she could earn her own living in some way or other; and in similar extraordinary things which took away the breath of the alienist. In explanation of his conduct he said subsequently: "She seemed unable to see that the step she was about to take meant utter ruin. If she had said that she contemplated suicide, a certificate might have been signed without question. I considered that I was equally justified in signing one when she expressed her determination to commit social suicide." Most of the English papers are vigorously protesting against the outrage, and denouncing the system under which it can be perpetrated. They are demanding revision of the lunacy laws and abolition of medical "lettres de cachet." The right of Miss Lanchester to dispense with marriage is stoutly defended, even by those who regard her act as a "moral wrong." The "Saturday Review" and the "Spectator" are among the protesters. The former says: "The notion of equal justice for all, without distinction of sex, seems scarcely to have dawned on a considerable section of the community. A man can deliberately dispense with the ceremony of marriage without the slightest interference; in a woman it seems to be regarded virtually as a madness. According to such reasoning the weighty genius of George Eliot and the strong, clear common sense of Mary Wollstonecraft, would not have sufficed to save them from the charge of insanity, and they would, in Dr. Blandford's opinion, be fit inmates of a lunatic asylum, because they deliberately choose to practise what he calls social suicide."

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excise man, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Lessons of the Alleged Reaction.

In politics, religion, and philosophy there is said to be a reaction from the tendencies of the past several decades. Conservatism is alleged to be in the ascendant. The Tories are in power in England. Kidd and Balfour and Drummond are the recognized philosophical leaders, while Spencer and Huxley and Tyndall are being relegated to the rear. Individualist economics is totally out of date, and the governmentalists hold sway. In short, whichever way we turn, we find, it is alleged, a powerful "stream of tendency" towards the recrudescence of pre-evolutionary ideas and doctrines. Are we, then, really entering upon an era of reaction?

Doubtless there are some surface manifestations which biassed observers, with foregone conclusions to support, can use as a basis for this "reaction" theory. But the significance of the facts observed is absurdly exaggerated, and several of the movements characterized as reactionary have a perfectly natural explanation and are far from possessing the significance discerned in them.

Take the political sphere. Apparently the Tories stand for order and the *status quo*, while the Liberal-Radical party is identified with the policy of change; and the inference is perhaps not unnatural that England is weary of revolutionary reforms, as Balfour asserts, . . desirous of peace and rest. This, however, is one of those pieces of romantic politics which even a slight familiarity with actual life rudely destroys. The Tories of our day are, as a matter of fact, more revolutionary than the Liberals, and the old names have ceased to be representative of the things behind them. It was not disgust with reform that defeated the Liberals, but rather impatience with a party that no longer knows itself. The Liberals have many issues, but no principle uniting them into a coherent, definite whole. They had promised much and accomplished nothing, and, moreover, did not seem to have much faith in their own promises. Even if the so called Tories had gone into the campaign without any statement of principles at all (in fact, officially they presented no programme), the victory would have been theirs. They profited by the vices and weaknesses of their opponents, not by their own positive merits. And, if anything that was known or believed of their intentions should be admitted to have helped them, it certainly cannot be disputed that their radicalism rather than conservatism was indirectly paraded before the voters. The semi-collectivist programme of Chamberlain was more revolutionary than anything the Liberals ever proposed, and the Tories were perfectly willing to encourage the belief that "social reform" was their particular watchword. A few years' experience with the Tories will suffice to produce another "reaction," for it is needless to say that their promises will also remain dead letters. The voters will some day learn that neither party can do what is expected of it, but so far hope and anger continue to prompt them to seek relief in politics and wreak vengeance upon the unfaithful. But to talk about any serious reaction in favor of "conservatism" as a principle is absolute nonsense.

Let us glance at recent religious history. Lord Salisbury made a reactionary speech before the British Association, and Balfour has written a shallow book about belief and its foundations. But have these produced any impression outside the newspaper offices? Journalists who know nothing and discuss everything have, to be sure, found special significance in the lucubrations of these amateur theologians, but the scientific world has quietly ignored them and continued its work in the serenest manner. Spencer and Huxley stopped for a moment—doubtless at the urgent requests of enterprising magazine editors—to listen to and correct these apostles of a misty and attenuated Christianity, but their good nature, calmness, and "easy precision of long practice" amply indicated their estimate of the philosophic value of the arguments dealt with. Many good people mistake newspaper sensations for epoch-making and critical events, but the truth generally is that, the greater the crisis in the columns of the newspapers, the smaller is the actual importance of the foundation of fact which furnishes the occasion for the excitement.

We hear much loose talk about the failure of science to fulfil its promises and the consequent revival of interest in faith. But it would be impossible to adduce any substantial evidence in proof of these asserted intellectual movements. The men who know what science is have not been disappointed, first because science has never made any promises, and, second, because its achievements are so marvellous, and the prospects of still more marvellous achievements so bright, that the state of mind of those who follow its course is apt to be one of wonder rather than gloom and hopelessness. Those who talk about the failures of science do not refer to any facts; they are inveterate *a priori* reasoners. They draw on their imagination and inner consciousness for their postulates.

Equally imaginary is the alleged reaction from literary realism, about which scores of learned essays have lately appeared. A few romantic novels have been successful, not indeed with the critical circles, but with the novel-absorbing public. Indeed, the very men who regale us with vapid explanations of the decadence of realism are often found among the severest critics of the romantic novels, to which they deny all literary value, all claim to enduring worth. The novels that live are all realistic, though, of course, not all realistic novels live. Realism as a principle has never been more firmly established than it is today.

There is considerable truth in the talk about the revolt from *bourgeois* individualism or Manchesterism. This story is not new, however, and there is no occasion to repeat it. State Socialism, Tory "social reform," trade-union politics, and so on, are all manifestations of the revolt against Manchesterism,—a revolt which has completely demoralized the surviving adherents of the naive school. The revolt, however, has been barren of positive results, and a reaction from governmental economics is now beginning to be discernible.

Among those whose theory requires them to see reaction everywhere is Frederic Harrison, the Positivist. He has been pointing out, in a "Fortnightly Review" article, the "lessons" of the universal reaction. The readers of his article know beforehand what his lessons are. The adoption of the Relative Synthesis of the Religion of Humanity would dissipate all our philosophical doubts and practical perplexities. A new religion, a new social order, and a new literature would unite to emancipate us. Now, Positivism has been analyzed in a masterly manner by Spencer and other thinkers, and there is no use in thrashing a dead horse; but I cannot deny myself the keen pleasure of reproducing the farrago of hazy nonsense which Mr. Harrison gives us as a summary of his case. Here is what he writes:

> We believe that we have hold of some cardinal principles of practical value and of profound reach. Such is the idea of the relative synthesis, *i. e.*, the religious philosophy which makes this earth its essential centre, and Humanity the true Providence and Master of this earth, in a real, but limited, and sufficient degree. Next is the idea of a scientific religion, and a religious science, based on that relative synthesis of Nature, Man, his knowledge and his powers. Next comes the idea of Order, that is, the fundamental institutions of society, as shown in history, to be regarded as the basis of all social change—property, family, sex, marriage, the education of the young, the government of society by trained and competent chiefs, the spiritualizing of society by trained and competent teachers, forming a real and organized Church. Lastly—the idea of a socialist utopia to be achieved, not by insurrection and the break-up of antique institutions, but by uprooting the poisonous weeds of inveterate selfishness; the selfishness of the poor as much as the selfishness of the rich; the selfishness of the weak as well as the selfishness of the strong.

The extraordinary thing about this is the calm assumption that the numerous minor "ideas" which the Positivists entertain under the leading four Ideas as presented by Mr. Harrison are so absolutely and demonstrably sound that, in order to accept them, one has but to learn what they are. As a matter of fact nothing can be more empty than all this vague and arbitrary division of phenomena into the groups of Progress, Order, etc. Mr. Harrison's emphasis on the formula Progress *and* Order is simply droll. Who has ever admitted that his own position excludes either of these "Ideas"? The trouble is that there is a hopeless conflict as to the meaning of the terms progress and order, and for anybody to come

forward solemnly and claim a monopoly of a formula containing both is really puerile.

In passing, attention should be drawn to Mr. Mallock's acute and admirable articles on this "Relative Hypothesis," which have lately appeared in the "Nineteenth Century." Approaching the subject from a standpoint somewhat different from Spencer's, Mr. Mallock demolishes the Positivist house-built-upon-the-sand with a thoroughness and completeness that leave nothing to be desired. The alleged synthesis is shown to be self-contradictory and impossible, and the science to which we are referred by the Positivists is shown to be the first and very thing which stands between us and the alleged new religion. Mr. Mallock proves that there is an irresistible "reaction" in the mind from any attempt to hypnotize it by Positivistic formulas, and Mr. Harrison would better attend to the lessons of *this* "reaction."

V. Y.

Spencer and George.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Liberty of September 21 has just come to hand, and I note your comments upon my article in the "Westminster Review" for the same month. From those comments I conclude that you have not read my article with your usual, or even a fair amount of, carefulness. Perhaps this may account for you not finding that clearness and force in it which some of my English friends do find. Anyhow, you have certainly misstated the scope of the first part of the article; and that misstatement is not, I think, to be traced to any fault of mine. If, therefore, you can find me space for correction on this matter, your readers may perhaps find the article worth attention; more especially as you consider it "valuable on account of its emphasis of the distinction between economic rent and monopolistic rent, and for its criticism of the Single Tax."

First, however, you err in supposing that the article is "omitted from the table of contents on the cover,"—at least as far as the London edition is concerned,—and it is strange if it is omitted from the New York edition.

Now, by a negative movement of the mind, the Single Tax idea has been much reinforced, and the Anarchistic solution of the social question much hindered by one of the most unphilosophic books that ever made pretention to philosophy,—*viz.*, "A Perplexed Philosopher," by Henry George. This I believe to be only temporary. For the book will eventually be the death of any reputation which George may have had as a philosopher. Its object was to prove Spencer to be "a conscious and deliberate traitor, who assumes the place of the philosopher, the office of the judge, only to darken truth and deny justice; to sell out the right of the wronged and to prostitute his powers in defence of the wronger." It also intimates that Spencer has become that traitor and liar, and even something more, as a direct result of abandoning his faith in a personal God for a secular creed. The defence of Spencer, then, becomes a defence of free-thinkers generally against one of the most infamous imputations that pious fraud has been able to launch against them,—*viz.*, that absence of belief in God implies moral and intellectual dishonesty and debasement.

The primary object of the article, then, was to answer the question as to whether Spencer's changed attitude on the land question could be accounted for by a corresponding change in his fundamental principles of philosophy, or whether, as Henry George would have it, that change of attitude must be put down to flagrant and conscious treachery, on the part of Spencer, in the interests of "Sir John and His Grace."

I think I have shown clearly enough that the change of position on the land question is quite in accordance with the development of Spencer's wider philosophic grasp of later years, and that the cry of "traitor" can come only from those who misunderstand the general purport of his philosophy.

But, in doing this, I have made no attempt at defending Spencer against the charge of inconsistency, and your statement to your readers that I have failed in such defence, is, therefore, misleading; unconsciously so, no doubt, but misleading all the same.

So far, indeed, was I from defending him that in several places I have charged him with fundamental inconsistency, and said that, "largely as a result of this inconsistency, he has not been able to explain his somewhat changed attitude as regards land-ownership." Again, in the first paragraph of the article in question, I say: "Take Mr. Spencer's utterances on the land question, and compare them with some fundamentals of his philosophy, and he will be found to be very consistent indeed; compare them with some other fundamentals of his philosophy, and he will be found to be very inconsistent. Further, where Spencer's philosophy is faulty, there it best supports the arguments of the land-nationalizers, and where it is sound it thoroughly supports his present position, although, as I shall shew, *it invites him to face the matter more squarely from a point of view which, although indicated by him, is neglected in its application.*"

It is clear, then, that I have not attempted to defend Spencer against the charge either of inconsistency or of incompleteness. As regards incompleteness, I have said, "in giving the solution of the land question, as somewhat unconsciously indicated by Spencer, we shall have to accuse him of an omission that is only excusable when we remember the huge task he has undertaken and accomplished, and the service he has rendered to the all-important science of sociology."

I do not think I am incorrect in saying that Spencer has somewhat unconsciously indicated the true solution of the land question. The fact that he has not retracted his abstract proposition that equity does not permit private property in land shows only that he is inconsistent and confused, and not that he has not *unconsciously* given us the solution. If you will turn to "Justice" (sec. 54), you will see that he gives a historical picture of land being held and used without rent and without ownership other than that of use and possession, and that he says this form of ownership (if we may so call it) is the only condition where the rights of property arise in conformity with the law of equal freedom. That Mr. Spencer holds other opinions that deny this, and that he does not bear the matter in mind in his arguments, is not to say that he has not unconsciously indicated the true solution; indeed, the "unconsciously" implies some such contradictory positions.

Sincerely yours,

J. Armsden.

64 Somers Road, Southsea, England.

[By all means, let the readers of Liberty procure and peruse Mr. Armsden's article. It is valuable and instructive, in spite of the lack of clearness and force with which I was constrained, by a *careful* reading, to debit it. To be specific, Spencer's inconsistencies and perplexities with regard to the land question are not brought out properly, and the case against him is not presented as strongly as Mr. Armsden might (and ought to) have presented it. True, he devotes considerable space to a defence of Spencer's character against George's idiotic accusations, and that was worth doing, I dare say; but certainly Mr. Armsden's method does not convey the impression that his *primary* object was to discuss the question of Spencer's alleged treachery. As for the statement that Spencer has unconsciously indicated the true solution of the land question, I have no exception to take to it in the light of the numerous qualifications and explanations now offered by Mr. Armsden. I cannot agree with him that Spencer has "given us the true conditions of land usage," for nowhere does Spencer, in his "abstract" reasoning on the subject, favor anything but *community* ownership and control. From first to last he has insisted that equity interdicts private property in land, while in "Social Statics" he advocated the collection of rent by the community from individual holders. In his constructive portion Mr. Armsden is rather vague, and I regretted that he had not improved his opportunity better. As he called his article "a liberty search-light on the land question," it was natural to expect greater force and clearness in his presentation of the true solution as deduced from fundamental principles. However, my paragraph was not written in any spirit of unfriendliness, and fault-finding is not a pleasant thing. Mr. Armsden's article can do nothing but good, but he is capable of writing one still more productive of desirable results.—[Editor Liberty.]

Mr. Lloyd's Departure.

My friend and whilom comrade, Mr. J. Wm. Lloyd, has put away the unclean thing. In the last issue of Liberty but one he solemnly declared to its readers that he was done with Anarchism,—that henceforth he is no Anarchist, but a Free Socialist. And his avowed purpose in taking this step is to distinguish himself from me. Mr. Lloyd, though denying property in babies, evidently believes in property in Anarchism. He regards me as the owner of Anarchism, able to make it and unmake it. In his view I am Anarchism's accredited head, and, if I say that Anarchism means a certain thing, that settles it. Now, it is no new thing for me to be called the pope of the Anarchistic church by Communists, State Socialists, and bigoted persons who find it impossible to conceive of a school of philosophy as the simple intellectual association of a band of students drawn together by the much that they hold in common. These people are so filled with the church idea that they cannot look upon a positive expression of opinion as other than the issue of a papal decree. They make no distinction between *Credo* and *Credo*. But I have hitherto regarded Mr. Lloyd as too thorough an individualist to ignore this distinction. It seems that I was mistaken.

I am not the owner of Anarchism. I do not believe in property in ideas. Anarchism existed before me, as it will exist after me. I can interpret it only for myself. No one else is bound by my interpretation. And the man who, having once adopted the name as expressive of his views, thereafter abandons the name, not because he has abandoned his views, or because he no longer considers the name expressive of them, but because some one else has adopted it as expressive of different views, to that extent denies his own individuality, and recognizes the superior right of another. I neither recognize such superiority in another, or claim it for myself. I consider that Mr. Lloyd is entitled to his interpretation of Anarchism as I am entitled to mine, and that he unduly belittles himself in acknowledging another's monopoly of any portion of the vocabulary. This is one (but only one) of the motives that have prompted my refusal to be driven from the name Anarchist by the action of the Communists in adopting it. I have been steadfast in the statement that in my view the Communists are not Anarchists, always acknowledging at the same time their liberty to deny that I am an Anarchist. And it seems to me that Mr. Lloyd would have done better to content himself with maintaining that his own views are Anarchistic and that mine are not than to acknowledge my exclusive right to interpret

Anarchism. I fancy that the criticism I now pass upon him he would have passed upon Mr. Yarros, had that gentleman discarded me and my works because he at one time could not agree with me regarding the bearing of the doctrine of equal liberty on the copyright question. And yet, if the disagreement with me regarding property in babies disqualifies one for Anarchism, I do not see why disagreement with me regarding property in ideas is not a similar disqualification.

I admit, of course, that the difference is radical between Mr. Lloyd's position and mine upon the question whether rights originate in contract. But I cannot understand why my position should at this late day so suddenly turn his stomach. I have been expounding it in these columns for years and in the baldest terms, and Mr. Lloyd, however he may have disagreed with it, has never on that account shown any disposition to pack up his traps and be off. Yet he admits that my position on the child question is a perfectly logical conclusion from my view of the origin of rights. Why he should have been willing to abide with Anarchism all these years in spite of this general, only to incontinently flee from it at the first mention of a particular which this general includes, is one of those mysteries which eludes the human understanding. I am reminded by it of a conversation which I had one Saturday night at a soda fountain here in New York. It had been rumored that Roosevelt would enforce the next day the law against the sale of soda on Sunday, and the woman who served me broached the subject which everybody was then discussing. As I did not exhibit sufficient indignation to suit her, she asked me with some asperity whether I favored such a law. I assured her that it was quite impossible for me to do so, since I would like to see the statute-books wiped out altogether. Then her curiosity got the better of her indignation, and she asked: "If there were no laws, what would you do with the criminals?" I told her that I considered law the great manufacturer of criminals, and that in the absence of law crime would eventually disappear. "But," she responded, "it wasn't the law that made that Italian over on the east side stab a woman who refused to marry him." "Certainly it was," said I; "clearly there would have been no stabbing, had there been no marriage law." You should have seen the woman lift her hands in horror. "No marriage law!" she cried; "is it possible that you would have no marriage law?" My unwillingness to have any laws at all had caused her only a mild curiosity, but my unwillingness to have a marriage law shocked her immeasurably. She, like Mr. Lloyd, was lacking in that "almost superstitious reverence for logic" which enables me to see the general as vividly as the particular.

Another criticism to be passed upon Mr. Lloyd's secession is that it fails to accomplish its purpose. It does not distinguish him from me. He has taken the name of Free Socialist. But I took that name long ago, and he will be confounded with me still. And in addition he will be confounded with Socialists of all schools, even State Socialists. The public by which he is so anxious to be understood are as incapable of distinguishing between State Socialism and Free Socialism as between Mr. Lloyd's view of contract and my own. The reformer who expects to avoid misunderstanding had better quit the business. Certainly no name will protect him from it. The fact that Mr. Lloyd still agrees with me on nine practical matters out of every ten allies him with me in the public mind in a way which no mere nominal distinction can offset.

Mr. Lloyd protests that he appeals to no one to follow him in his defection; but clearly he expects that there will be a large and general defection on the part of others; else, what meaning is there in his assertion that I have dealt the death-blow to philosophical Anarchism? This assertion is not warranted by the evidence thus far given. Unless my memory errs, the names of those whose criticisms of my position on this question have already appeared in Liberty include all but one of the Anarchists from whom I have received, either by private letter or otherwise, expressions of an adverse view. On the other hand, I have received numerous letters from Anarchists heartily endorsing my position, some of them from men who admitted that at first they were inclined to consider the position an absurd one, but, by reading the controversy, had been convinced of its soundness. Were I to mention the names of these writers, Mr. Lloyd would be forced to admit their weight, and in the writer of one letter, expressing condemnation of Mr. Lloyd's secession, he would recognize one of his close friends. So far as I can now judge, the number of Egoistic Anarchists, among Liberty's readers, who do not accept my position is a very small one, perhaps not exceeding half a dozen. Now, Mr. Lloyd surely will agree that the average Anarchist is superior to the average man, and that the tendency of progress is to lift the latter to the level of the former. How, then, can he declare that modern civilization will never accept a doctrine which is already accepted by so large a proportion of the men whom he has been in the habit of considering as in the van of civilization?

But this aspect of the matter is scarcely worth attention. I trust that Mr. Lloyd is sufficiently acquainted with my character to know that, though my comrades were to go with him in a body, the fact, while unquestionably it would greatly diminish my power, would not alter the direction of my course one hair's-breadth. When, over fourteen years ago, I began the publication of Liberty, I was almost alone; if necessary, I can begin again *quite* alone. Though I am older now than I was then, and am beginning to know something of the "weariness" which Nietzsche so forcibly describes in a passage that Mr. Schumm chances to have translated for this issue, I am comparatively a young man yet, still ready to "examine anew the results of my intellectual labors," and do not "find it necessary to make them palatable and attractive and to remove their dryness, coldness, and tastelessness." My spirit has not so far aged that I seek "stalwart partisans" rather than "genuine disciples," or am unable to "endure the terrible isolation in which every progressive and soaring spirit lives." My tired friend Lloyd may brand me "an enemy of the people"; I spit upon "the compact majority," and "stand alone, the strongest man." He may "decree" my death; I will "demonstrate" that I am just beginning to live.

T.

It was an old rule of law that a man who is assaulted by another must submit to the assault and "retreat to a wall." In a recent Ohio case, Judge Arnold declared that this rule has been superseded by one more in consonance with modern views of individual rights. The new rule is stated as follows: "A person who is attacked may oppose force by force and advance in his own defence, if he deems it necessary. Persons are no longer under an obligation to submit to a beating when by defending themselves they may avoid harm.

In my article on Mr. Lloyd in this issue I could deal only with his departure; in my next I will meet his specific arguments on the child question, and probably also those of Mr. Badcock, whose letter in this number will be followed by another two weeks hence.

A School of Liberty.*

[Bernard Lazare in Le Magazine International.]

When, fifty years ago, the Catholic university was founded at Louvain, Belgium, Theodore Verhaegen and a few other advanced men created the liberal university of Brussels. The beginnings of this institution were brilliant; learned professors of open and independent mind composed the faculties; they knew how to form men. Unfortunately these *savants* were not the directors of the institution; it was administered by a council made up of the most authorized and straight laced *doctrinaires*. This governing body slowly transformed the primitive ideas of the university, which became in time an institute where the *petits bourgeois*, whose beliefs could not be troubled, were educated for future bishoprics. If, for the form and to appear to follow the aims and ideals of the university as first conceived, the council and majority of the professors tolerated some liberals, they suffered them with difficulty, and used their best efforts to prevent adding to the faculties any colleagues imbued with newer and larger doctrines than those, already old enough in 1848, which were taught at Brussels. It was the students that first reacted against this state of things; I mean to say, a group of students, for the mass as usual followed where led. They rebelled several times against some professorial fossils, who would have considered M. Guizot a revolutionist. These tumults had their apogee at the suspension of M. Elisée Reclus's lectures. The administrative council of the Brussels university had given a chair of geography to Elisée Reclus at the instigation of one of the liberal professors, who, without doubt, never understood why his advice had been followed. But just at this time the Anarchist agitation manifested itself by a series of *attentats* at Paris. The council did not hesitate to hold the *savant* whom they had called to the professorship responsible for these acts, and the course of M. Reclus was adjourned.

This was the signal for a revolt of the students and some liberals of Brussels. Meetings were held, addresses delivered, manifestoes distributed, and resolutions passed. This movement was terminated by the resignation of the rector (president), who was the professor who had advised the appointment of M. Reclus. He was replaced by one of the fiercest and most authoritative *doctrinaires*. The students were summoned to re-enter the pale, but, as the agitation increased on account of this, the university was provisionally closed. Immediately, in the rooms of Masonic lodges and other places, courses were opened, notably that of M. Elisée Reclus. Confronted with these manifestations, the dismayed university resumed a conciliatory attitude; promises were made to the students; the council allowed them to think that reforms would be begun; the university again opened its doors; and everything appeared to be arranged. The crisis seemed to be adjourned. Some weeks passed; it was recognized finally that nothing would be changed in this "citadel of doctrinarism."

There were some men who at last understood that it was necessary to enlarge the question, to neglect petty quarrels, to aim higher, and to erect a school of Lib-

* Translated for Liberty by Belle V. Coffin.

erty in contrast with this institute of routine. At an assembly held at Brussels March 12, 1894, it was decided to found a new university. This university, of which it is not necessary to recount the beginnings, is now open.* It is composed of the Free School of Higher Education (which includes the faculties of law, philosophy, and literature) and "L'Institut des Hautes Études." The School of Higher Education conforms to the Belgian law, which fixes the programme of the courses imposed, in order that the university may form part of the organized system of schools, permitting its students to participate in the examinations and to obtain diplomas. But the "Institut des Hautes Études" is a free institute, which does not propose to distribute parchments, or prepare for careers, functions, or employments: its aim is disinterested science, without other preoccupation than itself,—the largest, the highest, and the most independent science. The Institute is opened for those who wish to learn for the unique and profound joy of learning, for the joy of enlarging the intelligence, the being, for the intimate satisfaction of thinking and acting ideologically. The Institute, like the whole university, has a noble aim,—that of forming, not professors, not engineers, not lawyers, but men.

It is a great and beautiful task, but it is a difficult one. It consists in doing away with all canons and dogmas; in opening to the intelligence the clearest ways and the most multiple, saying to it: "Look, study, and go where thy nature leads thee, where thy will urges thee, where thy faculties guide thee. Obey no other consideration than thy free will, enlightened and determined by study, meditation, and reflection. Take no one for model; it is not examples we wish to present to thee. We shall give thee some elements from which thou wilt form for thyself an opinion; thou wilt create the body of ideas necessary to constitute thy person, ideological and moral; and we adjure thee to remember this: noble as may appear to thee a man's ideas, honorable as may appear his individuality, beautiful as may appear his life, beware of accepting his ideas before thou hast examined and weighed them, before knowing that they accord with thyself. The men who are going to speak to thee are convinced; beware of believing what they tell thee because of their convictions; create for thyself thine own individuality, develop thy critique, judge for thyself, and adopt that which thy informed reason counsels thee to adopt."

Is not this the only way to develop character, to form free and emancipated men; and the work which such an aim proposes,—is it not glorious? Yes, surely, it is an honor for Belgium to attempt it, a duty for all the independent to desire its success. Because of the name of Elisée Reclus, this university has been called the "Anarchist university." If they mean by this term that it will be a university in which every professor and every student will be amenable only to himself, a university where every opinion will have the right to manifest itself, where there will be no hierarchy of science, where every individual will be left to his independence and at the same time aided by the wisdom of all, then they are right in saying that the university is Anarchist, because it is not constituted as a State, submitted to chiefs, to creeds, to codes, and to laws. If, on the contrary, they mean by these words that the university will teach Communistic or Anarchistic dogmas, there is nothing to respond but that in so doing the university would fail in its object. That one would be able to explain what he meant by Anarchy,—assuredly, yes, and no one would be able to oppose him without denying the very principles which have directed the founders of the university; these principles imply that the Anarchistic doctrines have a right to manifest themselves scientifically, but they oppose the idea that the "École libre" may be a school of Anarchy. Besides, the names of the professors attest the diversity of ideas in the "Université Nouvelle,"—MM. Guillaume de Greef, Edmond Picard, de Roberty, Elisée Reclus, Elie Reclus, Fernand Brouez, and many others. One lien only unites these writers and these *savants* of so many and diverse ideas,—the love of science and the truth, the desire to communicate this love to the young intelligences which are opening themselves to thought. Is it not a sufficient lien to assure the success of the work which has grouped these men?

When shall we have also in France a *free* university? When shall we cease to knead brains, to create egotists, cowards, weaklings, and fools?

* In an able article in the October number of the "Société Nouvelle" Mr. Pickard gives the further history and speaks of the gratifying progress of this new university.—*Translator.*

Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps.

The Secretary wants every reader of Liberty to send in his name for enrolment. Those who do so thereby pledge themselves to write, when possible, a letter every fortnight, on Anarchism or kindred subjects, to the "target" assigned in Liberty for that fortnight, and to notify the secretary promptly in case of any failure to write to a target (which it is hoped will not often occur), or in case of temporary or permanent withdrawal from the work of the Corps. All, whether members or not, are asked to lose no opportunity of informing the secretary of suitable targets. Address, STEPHEN T. BYINGTON, Flushing Institute, Flushing, N. Y.

It appears now and then that some members of the Corps do not read the heading of this column often enough to keep in mind what is expected of them as members. If they will look up at it for a moment, they will see that they are not pledged to write letters on that particular branch of Anarchism that I may in any case recommend, or to take the Anarchist side of any question that may be raised, or to write at any length; but they are pledged to write each of the targets of their section a letter pertinent to the subject of Anarchism if they possibly can, and, whenever they fail to do so, to give me prompt notice of their failure.

When I put this last provision into the members' pledge, I gave notice that any one who was unwilling to be bound by that pledge might give me notice thereof at my expense for postage, if they wished, but that I should assume that all members who did not give such notice wished to remain as members under the new pledge. That seemed to me fair, and would save the necessity of charging a postage stamp to those who approved my reform. One or two have given me to understand that I am not to be sure of getting such reports from them; I do so understand. I grumble, but I am glad to have them on their own terms rather than not at all. The rest have enrolled themselves as members without telling me that they will not fulfil the general conditions of membership; therefore I expect to get reports from them when they don't write to the target. But I have learned to expect that my expectations will prove false in some cases.

I don't like it. As a student and school-teacher, having it as a central part of my business to get facts out of statements, I have acquired a special enmity against the great obstacle to such work,—words that don't mean what they say. I can put up with anything else sooner. For this reason I took pains to make the pledge such as every person could keep perfectly in order that the terms of the pledge might always be a correct description of what the members of the Corps were actually doing.

I want to know what is being done in order that I may know how many targets to provide in each issue of Liberty, whether to repeat a target of importance, etc. Whether I do my work well or badly, I can certainly do it better when I know what I am doing than when I don't know. When I enlisted in the Anarchist war, I meant business; therefore I want to do it in a business-like way, because that is the most effective way; and I wish all the members of the Corps would take the same view.

I do not mean to complain of a majority of the members, and I do not want it supposed that, when I hear that a target does not acknowledge having received any Anarchist letters, I put all the blame on the Corps. I recognize a probability that the target didn't know enough to know when it was hit. But I believe that there are more than one or two of those for whom this notice is meant.

The "Voice," which usually keeps letters a month or two before printing, was uncommonly prompt in bringing out one of ours. The Boston "Herald" also prints a good letter from a Corps member.

Target, section A.—Rev. F. M. Foster, pastor Third Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York city, writes as follows to the "Voice" concerning his reasons for not voting the Prohibition ticket:

> And still we can not vote on even that platform, because, if you cast a vote, you thereby declare that *the will of the majority shall rule.* If rum wins, you have agreed to accept it as law, and will without hesitation swear to the constitution and laws which give sanction to the traffic. On October 15, 1895, Dr. Kittridge, Pastor of Madison Avenue Reformed church, said, in the course of his sermon: "The suffrage which makes the will of the majority the rule of action is a safeguard against a license which is sometimes confused with liberty, for with the vote of each citizen is the subscribed subjection of the individual liberty to the will of the people, as expressed by the majority."
>
> If this reasoning by Dr. Kittridge is correct,—and in our judgment it is,—you of the Prohibition party agree that the saloon shall remain, and even be open on the Lord's Day, *if the majority say so.* Just here, it is believed, is the error of the Prohibition party. They *teach* that God requires the destruction of the saloon; and, in contradiction, they subscribe by their vote to the will of the majority that it shall be law,—saloons and all. This is inconsistent. It makes the Prohibitionist responsible for the saloon, for he has agreed that the majority shall rule.
>
> I reject that position. If I am opposed to the saloon, I am opposed to it straight through. I contend that the legislature is usurping authority, and which God will judge, when it legislates protecting the saloon, as it puts itself in God's place when it submits the fifth commandment to a vote. You can't put morality to a vote. If you do, and if you have a constitution which permits and sanctions such procedure, it is clear that the Christian commits a breach of fidelity to his Lord when he swears to support it.

The "Voice" said in comment among other things: "Without knowing it, he is already a philosophical Anarchist." Show him what a good thing he is without knowing it.

Section B.—The "Chronicle," Chicago, Ill., said in an editorial on November 12:

> Jesse Cox quotes Rabbi Hirsch as saying that there are two kinds of Anarchists. "One kind looks forward to the time when men shall live together as brothers, each one having his rights; when such a thing as government, when such a thing as authority vested in any man over every other man, shall be unnecessary, because men will live together in such peace, intelligence, and good feeling that the necessity for government will disappear. . . . That sort of Anarchy is the creed of angels." . . . Such being the case, does it not occur to Mr. Cox that, according to his own estimate of his fellowmen, the world is far from being prepared for this kind of Anarchy described by Dr. Hirsch? That kind of Anarchy is absence of government in a society so wise and considerate and full of good feeling as to need no government. It is absence of authority over people all of whom are not only completely destitute of any impulse to do wrong and wholly disposed to deal righteously with one another, but so keen and clear in their moral perceptions as to be able to distinguish infallibly between right and wrong and to agree with one another fully in the determination of every question of righteousness. . . .
>
> If the Anarchist of the approved variety were merely a person who believed in the coming of the heaven on earth described by Dr. Hirsch, and desired to hasten its coming by making men better, he would be a harmless and rather amiable character. But the prevailing impression is that he is not that kind of man. The impression is that he is a man who would throttle and destroy all law and all its ministers and agencies now when they are so much needed for protection against wrongdoers. The impression is that he hates, and would destroy, if he could, all who reject his theories, despoil all who possess more than he does, and make a paradise of the earth by the use of the torch and the bomb.
>
> This impression is deepened by the delivery of such speeches, true in some respects, as that of Jesse Cox, breathing from beginning to end a spirit of venomous hatred. It is deepened by the applause accorded to the bitterest expressions of hatred. Most people find it impossible to believe that men who make such exhibitions of malignant hostility, not only to existing institutions, but to all who uphold them, are the right kind of men to establish a social order with fraternal love and mutual regard for rights as its only law. Such men themselves seem to require the restraints of another kind of law.

Show how Anarchism is workable with present-day human nature. I would also disavow sympathy with the "spirit of hatred" of which the "Chronicle" complains.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

A National Mystery.

[New York Weekly.]

First Citizen. The increase of crime in this country is simply appalling. I can't understand it at all.

Second Citizen. No, nor I. It is an impenetrable mystery. Well, I cannot stop to talk longer, as I must hurry off to Ellis Island. You know, I am an immigration commissioner, and my business is to prevent the landing of all persons who were thrifty enough to make sure of a chance to earn an honest living before leaving home.

The Blazing Star.

When men who fight for Freedom gaze
  Across the rumpled fields of war
And view the tumult of the days
  Betwixt them and the Blazing Star,
They reach and clasp each other's hands,
  And, gazing on that far rich light
Now shining over distant lands,
  They pass into the dangerous fight.

And may they conquer! May the peace
  They wish to bring be theirs, attained
The triumph of gaunt war's surcease,
  The earthly paradise regained!
And, cheering them amid the fray,
  A red light beckons from afar,
The herald of the rising day,
  The glimmer of the Blazing Star.

No time for dalliance! pluck forth
  The keen-edged knife and stand in front
Of him who strikes the living Truth;
  The time has come to bear the brunt.
The toys, the childishness of life,
  Let them enjoy who wish or can;
But men must face the raging strife;
  The time has come to be a man.

Come down, O comrades, from the height,—
  And you are many, did you dare!
For lapped in luxury's delight
  Are legions whom the trumpet's blare
Shall call into this holy cause;
  For men shall leave the lover's lute
To join the acme of all wars,
  The fight for Freedom absolute.

To many who in divers ways
  Now toy with fools the play grows tame;
The course of Fate for no man stays,
  And these shall surely see their shame.
The preaching of the common lie,
  The teaching of the thing unfair,
Can little serve to satisfy
  A spirit of the upper air.

No man can see the light and fail
  To follow; none can look afar,
Beholding where the heavens grow pale
  The glimmer of the Blazing Star,
Save in his heart begins to burn
  A reflex of that heavenly fire;
He cannot waver, flinch, or turn;
  He must advance, he must desire.

They call us dreamers just because
  We cannot dream, but needs must see
With sane eyes nature's steadfast laws
  And that strange god, Reality.
The modish trifiers, sold and bought,
  Can never cleave through our defence;
Their crude illusions touch us not,
  Or their delusive eloquence.

And you, O comrades, who alloy
  Life with the dregs of lust and drink,
Who, in a land of tigers, toy
  With trifles, lying on the brink
Of desolation, lift your eyes
  And know your enemies, and strong
With urgent indignation rise
  And burst the bonds endured so long.

Swarm upward from the swamps of sin
  Whose dread malaria numbs the brain,
And this new wholesome life begin
  Of action on the breezy plain
Of thought where intellect is power.
  Gaze onward, eastward, and afar,
And you shall follow from this hour
  The red light of the Blazing Star.

What greater life, what grander claim,
  Than that which bids you to be just?
What brighter halo, fairer fame,
  Than shines above the sacred dust
Of him who, formed of finer clay,
  Stood firm, a hero of revolt
Against the weakness of his day,
  The traitor's trick, the panderer's fault?

O Blazing Star of Liberty!
  Ideal of the heart and brain
Of him who battles to be free,
  The Vision of the surely sane;
The fact of happiness, the life
  Of health, of temperance, of peace,
The normal desuetude of strife
  And servitude,—content, release.

In that far country underneath
  The influence of Freedom's star
Where Virtue wears the laurel wreath
  And ease and sweet contentment are,
Though never we that bourne attain,
  Our children's children yet may rest,
And even we this guerdon gain:
  The thought—the hope itself is blest.

As he who wakens in the night
  From some dread nightmare, and with joy
Finds himself safe, and all his fright
  The fabric of a dream's annoy,
So shall the martyred human race
  Awaken from its toil and ruth
To meet, with rapture, face to face
  The kindly presence of the Truth.

For in that country there will be
  No rule of ignorance, no curse
Of maddened factions viciously
  Urged on by knaves from bad to worse.
The powerless demagogue will slink,
  Frost bitten, from the light of day;
For in a land where men can think
  No man can make a man his prey.

O glorious Nature! When to you
  And your embraces we may turn,—
The green earth under heaven blue,
  And all things for which mortals yearn;
To fountains flashing in the light,
  The roses bending in the air,
The splendors of the starry night,
  And grace and beauty everywhere.

How sweet, beneath the blowing trees,
  To lie upon the grass-grown earth,
To loiter among birds and bees
  With hearts fulfilled of joy and mirth!
Without a sorrow or a care,
  Save those which no lot can ignore;
For peace and justice habit there.
  The man-compellers are no more.

The man-compellers! birds of prey,
  Promethan vultures that must knaw
The pleasure of the summer's day,
  That keep our lives unfit and raw:
Affrighted, our existence flees,
  And life is brief and past is gloom;
Robbed of our heritage of peace,
  We hasten onward to the tomb.

A life of pleasure! if to be
  Pleased is to love the sunset's flush,
The flashing wilderness of sea,
  The midnight moonlight's heavenly hush.
A life of holiness! if he
  Is good who loves the beautiful;
A life of healthful purity!
  If pure is to be natural.

A life of wisdom! if the wise
  Are those who, from illusions free,
Adore no man-made mysteries,
  But reason from the things they see;
Who could not, even if they would,
  Hug some delusion of desire,
But name the living Truth their good,
  And let the lie bide with the liar.

This is the Bugle's Blare; it calls
  For heroes who can bear the scorn
Of men whom novelty appalls,
  Of scoffers who can see no dawn
Of equity, but love the old,
  However vile, and hate the new,
With hearts of custom long grown cold
  To what they deem men cannot do.

This is the Trumpet's Call; it sounds
  For such as weary of the night
Of shame, and gaze beyond the bounds
  Of habit, and discern the light
Of our Ideal; who can see,
  Beyond the rumpled fields of war,
Above the home of Anarchy,
  The red beams of the Blazing Star.

William Walstein Gordak.

The Philosopher and Old Age.

[Translated from Nietzsche's "Morgenröthe" by George Schumm.]

It is not prudent to permit the evening to sit in judgment on the day; for in that case weariness too often becomes the judge of strength, success, and good will. And likewise the greatest caution ought to be observed in regard to old age and its judgment of life, especially since old age, like the evening, loves to masquerade in the garb of a new and charming morality, and is able to shame the day by the glory of the sunset, the twilight, and peaceful and expectant stillness. The reverence with which we treat an old man, especially if he is an old thinker and sage, easily blinds us to the *aging of his spirit*, and it is always necessary to draw from their hiding-place the *characteristics* of such aging and weariness; that is, to draw forth the *physiological* phenomenon back of the moral pro- and prejudice, in order not to become the fools of reverence and the injurers of knowledge. For often the old man enters into the illusion of a great moral renewal and rebirth, and from this experience utters judgments on the work and course of his life as if he had only now become clairvoyant; and yet there stands back of this self satisfaction and these confident judgments, as a prompter, not wisdom, but *weariness*. As the most dangerous characteristic of weariness, we may name the *belief in their genius* which at this period of life is apt to possess great and mediocre intellects,—the belief in an exceptional position and exceptional rights. The thinker who is thus afflicted will now regard it as his privilege *to take things more easily*, and as a man of genius to decree rather than demonstrate; but it is probable that the very desire for *ease*, which springs from the weariness of spirit, is the most fruitful source of that belief; it precedes the belief in time, notwithstanding all appearance to the contrary. Then, at about this period of life, in accordance with the love of enjoyment of the old and weary, one wishes to *enjoy* the results of one's intellectual labors, instead of examining them anew and again scattering them abroad, and to this end finds it necessary to make them palatable and attractive and to remove their dryness, coldness, and tastelessness; and thus it happens that the old thinker apparently rises above the work of his life, while in reality he is destroying it by mingling it with reveries, dainties, spices, poetical fogs, and mystical lights. This at the end was the case with Plato: this at the end was the case with that great and sincere Frenchman who, in comprehensive and masterful grasp of the positive sciences, remains unrivaled by any German or Englishman of this century, Auguste Comte. A third characteristic of weariness: the ambition which stormed in the breast of the great thinker in the days of his youth, and which at that time could not anywhere find contentment and rest, has now also grown old, and, like one who no longer has any time to lose, seizes upon the coarser and more ready means of satisfaction,—that is, those of the active, commanding, violent, aggressive natures; from this time forth he desires to found institutions which shall bear his name, and no longer intellectual edifices. What cares he now for the airy victories and honors in the realm of demonstration and refutation? What cares he for the enshrinement in books, the trembling exultation in the soul of a reader? The institution, on the contrary, is a temple,—he knows this perfectly well,—and a temple of enduring stone will keep his God alive much more certainly than the sacrificial offerings of rare and tender souls. Perhaps he will also find now for the first time that love which belongs more to a god than a man, and, like the fruit in autumn, his whole nature becomes sweet and mellow under the rays of such a sun. Yes, he grows more godlike and beautiful, the great old man; and nevertheless it is old age and weariness which *permit* him to thus mature, become still, and seek rest in the radiant idolatry of a

woman. It is now all over with his former obstinate, self overpowering desire for genuine disciples,—that is, genuine continuers of his thought,—that is, genuine opponents; that desire grew out of his unbroken strength, out of the conscious pride that he could himself yet become the opponent and inveterate foe of his own teaching; now his call is for stalwart partisans, unhesitating comrades, auxiliaries, heraids, a pompous following. No longer can he now endure the terrible isolation in which every progressive and soaring spirit lives; henceforth he surrounds himself with the objects of reverence, of community, of tenderness and love; he longs at last also to live in comfort, like all religious souls, and to celebrate within the *community* the things of his esteem; yes, he will invent a religion only to have the community. Thus lives the wise old man, and so drifts imperceptibly into such deplorable proximity of priestly, poetical extravagances that one hardly dares recall his wise and serious youth, the then severe integrity of his intellect, his truly manly dread of fancies and vagaries. If he compared himself formerly with other and older thinkers, it was in order to seriously match his weakness against their strength and to become colder and freer towards himself; now he does it only to intoxicate himself in the comparison with his own delusion. Formerly he contemplated with confidence the coming thinkers; yes, it was with rapture that he saw himself disappear in their fuller light; now he is tormented by the thought that he cannot be the last; he meditates on the means of coupling the legacy which he will leave to mankind with a limitation on their sovereign thought; he fears and slanders the pride and the thirst for liberty of the individual spirits; after him no one shall any more give absolutely free rein to his intellect; he himself wishes forever to remain standing as the bulwark against which alone the breakers of thought may still beat; these are his secret, perhaps not always only secret, wishes! But the hard fact behind such wishes is that he has *called a halt* before his own teaching, and made of it a boundary stone, his "so far and no farther." By thus *canonizing* himself, he has also certified his own death; henceforth his spirit *may* no longer develop, his course is run, time for him is at an end. When a great thinker undertakes to impose himself as a binding institution upon future mankind, one may safely assume that he has passed the summit of his strength, and is very weary, very near to his sunset.

On the Status of the Child.

My dear Editor:

That you should have taken any language of mine as an attack upon your personality (as you do in Liberty, September 21) disturbs me sorely. I beg you to dismiss the idea that I would knowingly offend you, to whom I am indebted for the most invigorating educational course of politics the press affords. My condemnatory epithets were not hurled against anyone who merely held to a particular belief, but against those only *who acted out* the particular belief that was revolting to me. And I cannot now see that my wording you complain of could be taken as intended to apply to anybody *except those who did the thing.* I certainly would have been as outspoken to my dearest friend. I know many kind hearted people who believe in eternal damnation and the vicarious atonement; and, although I might point out to them the callous and cowardly character of their God who did or permitted such cruelty, and the equally (or more so) repulsive character of those human beings who imitated such a god by burning unbelievers at the stake, yet I should not consider I was attacking the "personality" of my religious friends by such language. My weightiest argument could not be said, unless I went to that length. Probably many of the inquisitors of the middle ages would have been kind men, but for the badness of their reasoning powers or the hugeness of their ignorance which led them to sacrifice their sympathetic feelings at the dictation of their reason. Rome was their reason.

Until I hear that B. R. Tucker has actually, by deed, upheld the authority of the cruel parent over the maltreated child, I do not believe him capable of so doing, any professions of his to the contrary notwithstanding. As a fact, he has acknowledged that, rather than "passively see a woman throw her baby into the fire . . . it is highly probable that I would personally interfere."

In your article of August 24 you wrote: "If we protect the life and liberty of organisms that are outside this limit [of the circle of those who have contract on the brain], we do so only in the interests of their owners." Well, without admitting the ownership, it is clear, to me also, that, if we grant life and liberty to any persons who are weaker than ourselves, we do so in our own interests. That goes without saying. It is easily seen to be to the interests of adults to protect all children and lower animals against excessive cruelty, when you deal with adults whose sympathetic instincts are so developed that their happiness depends upon their combating all gross forms of cruelty as far as lay in their power. I do not expect those who have no sympathies to allow any more freedom to others than is necessary to secure their own. If by such (the callous people) the question be discussed as to whether the Armenians are rightly the property of the Turks, or the Turks of the Armenians, or whether children are rightly the property of their mothers or their fathers, or cats the property of boys, their decisions, made on such grounds as they can muster when the feelings—present and possible—of the parties owned or to be owned are left out of account, may be of value to the discussers, but to me are of no more interest than the play of "Hamlet" with the chief personage left out.

Your idea that in our politico-social relations we should follow rules that could be voluntarily observed by those who had a "lack of sympathy in their natures," and that therefore we should "inquire what the least sympathetic individuals will insist on as a condition of joining our association," is really a too self-abnegatory way of doing business for a sympatheticist of my temper. On the other hand, I would not formulate rules that could only be observed by the most sympathetic people. When the least sympathetic people are in the ascendant, all have to knuckle down to their (the non-sympathetics') requirements; but I see no reason why we should do so when their power has gone. When the much, the more, and the most sympathetic people are in power, *their* requirements will dominate, and, as a consequence, the least sympathetic will have to restrain their despotic instincts, or lose some of their liberty. The measure of freedom at any time obtainable is proportioned to the requirements of those in power. That is why horses are enslaved, and why their masters are not allowed to beat them to death. I look forward to those in power finding their pleasure and interest in maintaining a general policy of live and let live. Only while the callous are in power will I respect their lack of sympathy, and, *while they are in power*, the sympathetic need not expect even an approximation to equal liberty.

When my sympathies compel me to seek for means to antagonize atrocities, and I, consequently, go for equal immunity from invasion for all, I cannot possibly agree that doubtful cases, to which it is inexpedient to give full liberty, shall therefore be debarred from all defence against whatever atrocities their "owners" choose to subject them to. The extent to which people's abilities (whether ability to make contracts or ability to pick pockets) influence the original truces between men who find the contract stage of society forced upon them has nothing to do with the more widely-embracing statuses of liberty which later generations allow; for we have come to allow immunity from invasion equally to the poor as to the rich (in theory at least), and apply the term "coward" to those who take advantage of the non-abilities (*i. e.*, the weaknesses) of others to molest them. Men do *not*, nowadays, associate to secure liberty with *only those* who agree "to secure theirs in return." That *lex talionis* epoch has passed, even for you, by the fact that the equal liberty limit you approve of (although only for adults and juveniles who have passed a certain, or, rather, extremely uncertain, stage of development) is protective of many incapables, *i. e.*, of many who are wholly unable to assist in securing others' liberty in return for having their own secured to them. Consequently, the contract-basis which originates between those able to offer resistance (and therefore to give assistance) is dispensed with.

The mere fact of an organism being able to appreciate the idea of a social contract, or any contract, especially when strained to include those with an "idea of secession," is a wholly different thing from having "the possession . . . of the power to contract; of the power to consciously and deliberately undertake to serve another in return for another's service, and respect another in return for another's respect" which you said (on August 24) "determines the category in which any given organism belongs." As if a little girl who *seceded* from her harsh parent had any *power* to entitle her to equal liberty!

The *power* to maintain one's liberty differs in degree very considerably—no two persons having *equal* powers. If individual liberty depended upon the power of the individual, *equal* liberty would be an impossibility. Nietzsche's definition of liberty as "the will to power" is not the idea of liberty which Anarchists aim at, so far as I know, although they recognize that a state in which liberty from molestation will be general can only be maintained through individual power

The contract basis for equal liberty, as it rests upon the *power to contract on an equal footing with others*, can only be for those having *equal powers.* Adopt that basis, and you are committed to Nietzsche's ideal of a State in which a powerful aristocracy monopolize all the liberty, and keep in slavery all the proletariat.

However much the reciprocal obligations idea may have been of use in evolving the higher from the lower status, it is dispensed with whenever assistance is given by a strong person to a weak one. Although the sympathetic feelings receive satisfaction by such help given, and by the removal of the discordant misery or cruelty, that is only a negative benefit, and cannot be construed as a reciprocal benefit by one who wishes the sympathies left out of account in determining liberty rights.

I grant we cannot treat children and the lower animals as on an equal liberty-footing to ourselves. Nor, indeed, can we treat many men on that footing, especially those who try to cheat and rob us. It then becomes a question of expediency as to what measure of freedom we will allow those various classes of children, criminals, etc., we have in our control. To deny any protection to children would be paralleled by the denial of any protection to criminals against the cruelest possible treatment. But as with criminals, our humane instincts lead us to prevent excessive punishment being dealt out to them, and anything beyond what "fits the crime" arouses our indignation and leads us to side with the prisoner, so with children (who also are outside the full liberty status) we require that they be dealt with with at least a moderate amount of respect.

When you tell me that "the force realm exists, not to meet the sympathies, but to protect the primary interests of those who constitute it," the question arises: what are these primary interests? Are they the same for everybody? I think not. But, anyway, the primary interests all come down to a satisfaction of the senses. The cry of a child who is about to be made into marmalade, will be a spur to action in a cultured man against the aggressor, while a cannibal would either treat the same cry with indifference, or else in a manner appreciative of the approach of lunch-time. The satisfaction of one's own hunger is a primary interest to pretty-well everybody, and to the sensitive the satisfaction of their children's hunger is equally, or more so, a primary interest. One of the chief, if not *the* chief, primary interests of mothers in the whole mammalian creation is the satisfaction of their sympathetic feelings in the care for their young. Yet you ask your readers (mothers included, I presume) to leave their sympathies entirely out of account in discussing the question of care (including ownership, etc.) of children! Why not leave all other primary interests out of account? Commit "mental suicide," in fact!

I have to thank you for correcting the opening paragraph of my last letter. Combinations for protection certainly go on independently of sympathetic action, and I admit my wording was too narrow. I amend the faulty passage thus: "The most reasonable plans for relief against aggressors or accidents find their justification in that they satisfy the feelings, of which the sympathetic feelings form a most important quota amongst highly-evolved races. Without these stimuli (feelings unsatisfied) no plans would be pushed forward." Thus amended, my case is more forcible than it was; for, to support the anti sympathetic s.o-

cial basis, you have to show cause why the sympathetic must be ignored more than other feelings.

Bye-the-bye, was Abraham so very wise when he left his sympathies out of account, and became willing to sacrifice his son Isaac at the bidding of his reason? Jehovah was *his* reason.

The sympathies extend the liberties, among other ways, by reducing the cost of defensive armaments, which an unsympathetic race, granting freedom only to the limit necessary to secure their own, and invading whenever they get a chance, necessitate.

The bearings of the property-idea upon the child-status I will deal with in my next.

Calmly yours,

JOHN BADCOCK, JR.

ST. BRELADE'S, LEYTON, ENGLAND, OCTOBER 30, 1895.

Beginning to Understand Himself.

[London Weekly Times and Echo.]

SIR,—I have made a discovery that I feel bound to burden your columns with, as it is because of the discussion with friends Seymour, Armsden, Warren, and Stevens that the discovery was made. It is this. I have found out now that they were right, and are so now, in styling themselves Anarchists, and I was wrong in taking that name. They were right, and are so now, in saying that Anarchist-Communism is a contradiction in terms, although H. Seymour himself preached and wrote in favor of this contradiction years ago; but I still contend and am prepared to prove that their theories and conclusions are fallacious and inhuman.

To be an Anarchist is to believe in Anarchy as Seymour and others do. Now I believe in Communism, Free Communism. Anarchy means all-round competition. Communism means all-round coöperation. There cannot be coöperative competition or competitive coöperation; so I have concluded to stand or fall by Communism. I will not strive or cheer for Anarchy, Anarchism, or even Anarchist-Communism, which is a clumsy way of saying Free-Communism. I would like to add that most of the so-called Anarchists today are simply Anti-political Socialists, or Communist rebels. I now humbly apologize for having misled any, and for having given my "real Anarchist" friends so much trouble. For all that, I disagree with their "philosophy," theories, methods, and all, and shall only be too pleased for an opportunity of converting them to Communism. H. B. SAMUELS.

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